

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

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\$2.00 A YEAR

JULY, 1937

25c A COPY

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



VOLUME XXV

JULY, 1937

NUMBER 7

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THE QUILL, a monthly magazine devoted to journalism, is owned and published by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, which was founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909. Material appearing in the magazine may be reprinted provided that credit is given to THE QUILL.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Five years, \$7.50; one year, \$2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Fulton, Mo., under the act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in par. 4, sec. 412, P. L. & R.



AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

AGAIN a newspaperman turns out a book that should prove a rousing success. Linton Wells, foreign correspondent and staff writer for newspapers, syndicates, press associations and magazines since 1911, is the author; the book is "Blood on the Moon"; the publisher, the Houghton Mifflin Co., and the price, \$3.

All we have to say is this—if you are in newspaper work, "used to be a newspaperman," have any idea of following the inky trail through the years, or if you like tales of adventure, don't overlook "Blood on the Moon."

Here's a sample of the sort of experience that has befallen Wells in his quest for news—a yarn we think you'll enjoy:

He was in Russia in 1920 covering the fading fortunes of Admiral Alexander Vasilievitch Kolchak and his White Russians. Kolchak abdicated Jan. 4, placed himself in the custody of the Czechs and departed for Irkutsk. Wells was aboard the train. When the train reached Irkutsk, Kolchak was surrendered to the Red Government while Wells, who expected to be merely a spectator and gain a scoop on the historic scene, found himself under arrest and marched off to a filthy jail. All his papers were seized.

After two days in the jail, Wells and a half dozen Russians were shunted off to a prison camp. Cold days and nights in the barren camp followed, with a fare consisting chiefly of black bread, sunflower seed and very bad meat. Unable to speak Polish, Czech or Russian, and finding no one able to speak English, French or German, Wells was in even worse state than his companions. Misery, you know, loves company you can at least talk with.

Then, after days of loneliness, he struck up an acquaintanceship with a bearded, unwashed but cheerful Czech prisoner newly arrived in the concentration camp. Wells and the new arrival took a liking to each other, tried to communicate in signs and agreed to teach each the other's language. At the end of a fortnight, the Czech was doing fairly well with English but Wells was still floundering in a welter of Czech words that simply would not untwist themselves in his mouth.

[Concluded on page 23]

The Press and Public Affairs

Newspapers Weighed, Found Wanting; With the Nation in a Precarious Period

By IRVING BRANT

Editor, the Editorial Page,
St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Times

THE greatest shock ever experienced by the newspaper publishers of America was to wake up on the morning of Nov. 4, 1936, and discover that they had no influence in a presidential election. I am not referring solely to the fact that our metropolitan newspapers were overwhelmingly for Landon, while the people were overwhelmingly for Roosevelt.

The most striking feature of the relationship of newspapers to the presidential campaign was the inability of the press to sway voters in either direction. The newspaper of which I am editor was one of the few metropolitan journals in the country which not only supported President Roosevelt for reelection, but strongly endorsed his program of social and economic reconstruction. The effect of that course was to build up an almost fanatical devotion to the paper among a large part of its readers, but I have yet to see any evidence that we converted a single vote from Landon to Roosevelt. To state it in general terms, the political allegiance of the people in 1936 determined their attitude toward the newspapers. The at-

titude of the newspapers did not determine the political allegiance of the people.

In the results of the 1936 election, there was no discoverable relationship whatever between the political advice given by newspaper editors and the way the people voted for President. In Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis and Baltimore, the distribution of votes between Roosevelt and Landon was almost precisely the same, although there were important differences in the distribution and character of newspaper support.

THE evidence appears conclusive that the American people, down to practically the last man and woman in the country, chose between Roosevelt and Landon with complete disregard, and in some cases with contempt, for the wisdom of American editors and publishers.

I say contempt as well as disregard, because the contempt was manifest. In Chicago, last October, a political parade of several hundred thousand people took the form of a demonstration against the Chicago Tribune and



Irving Brant

the Hearst papers, a demonstration of contempt and hatred, due to a systematic policy of suppression and distortion of the news.

Newspapers were equally ineffective at a higher ethical level. In the 1936 campaign the Baltimore Sun, an independent newspaper identified with Democratic liberalism, declared itself against the re-election of Roosevelt. This announcement was made in the early stages of a statewide presidential poll conducted by the Sun. The preference for Roosevelt, shown in the straw vote, rose sharply after the Sun came out against him. Whatever the reason for that may have been, it

HERE is a searching, critical survey of national affairs and the relation of the newspapers thereto. You may agree with it fully, in part, or not at all—but it is a straight-forward expression of opinion that should arouse interest and thought. Mr. Brant's observations were expressed at the Ninth Annual Newspaper Week of the University of Colorado. Permission was granted The Quill to present the address as an article. Mr. Brant was graduated from the University of Iowa in 1909, having worked on his father's paper, the Iowa City Republican during his college course and also as correspondent for several other papers. He was managing editor of the Iowa City Republican from 1909-14; editor of the Clinton (Iowa) Herald, 1914-15; associate editor of the Des Moines Register & Tribune, 1915-18; editorial writer and editor of the editorial page for the St. Louis Star-Times 1918-23 and from 1930 to date, the interim having been spent in travel and free lance writing. He is the author of "Dollars and Sense" (1933) and "Storm Over the Constitution" (1936).

showed clearly that when the Baltimore *Sun* abandoned its traditional position and turned against Roosevelt, it failed to take its readers with it.

During the presidential campaign, one of the journalistic sensations was the decision of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to support Landon. As far as I have been able to see, the only effect of the change of policy by the *Post-Dispatch* was to make its liberal readers grieve and its conservative readers rejoice. There was no indication that a single reader changed his political allegiance because the newspaper changed its political policies.

WHY should anybody expect the readers of a newspaper to be converted when the newspaper reverses its views? Do you think that the members of the newspaper staff change their views when the owner of the paper alters its policy?

In St. Louis last year, two newspapers supported Landon, one supported Roosevelt. The staffs of those three newspapers were almost solidly for Roosevelt.

When a newspaper pursues a consistent editorial policy over a period of years, the editorial writing staff is practically certain to be in harmony with the views of the publisher. The remainder of the staff is a part of the general public, and acts accordingly. In the conflict typically found today between the prevailing political opinions of newspapers and the political opinions of their staffs you have an epitome of the cleavage between the newspapers and the people at large, and a suggestion of the reason for it.

The policy of the newspaper is the policy of the owner. Except for temporary adjustments, it is enforced without regard to the wishes of the staff, and except for modification due to discretion it is enforced without regard to the wishes of the public. The result can be pointed to by our Socialist friends as a product of economic determinism.

Since the metropolitan newspaper requires an investment of a good many million dollars, it is part of American big business. Dependence on advertising makes it still more a part of the business organization. The typical large-city newspaper publisher lives and thinks in terms of million-dollar finance. He may be a man of large fortune who makes newspaper ownership part of a diversified investment of his resources. Or he may be primarily a newspaper owner who uses the profits of his newspaper to diversify his investments. In either case he stands in the same position as the

steel manufacturer, the bank president, the mine operator, the public utility magnate or the department store owner, in nearly all the relationships that determine his political and economic opinions.

The newspaper publisher has an interest identical with that of any other big business man in matters affecting stability of investments, the weight and purposes of taxation, relations with labor, redistribution of wealth. The owner of a newspaper is under a terrific compulsion toward political conservatism, which to him means saving the country. In a country like the United States, where the expanding frontier has given us a tradition of unfettered individualism, political reaction becomes synonymous with constitutional liberty, and offers a mighty field for editorial patriotism. Out of such materials the fundamental policy of the American press has been built up.

WE should recognize at the same time that a shrewder self-interest may impel a newspaper publisher to move in the opposite direction. If newspaper advertising produces profits, circulation produces advertising, and there can be no permanent circulation except that which is based upon the desire of the public for the product offered.

A liberal newspaper may represent the convictions of a liberal owner, or it may represent the business sense of a conservative owner. I don't know what the proportionate numbers of these two groups may be, but in order to keep this discussion on the basis of economic determinism, let us assume that all liberal newspaper publishers are conservatives who think it is good business to be liberal. That charge is sure to be made any way, so let us assume that it is true.

Any newspaper publisher who pursues the path of liberalism will be denounced either as a bolshevik or as a hypocrite in the smug confines of social clubs in his home city. You know the remarks that will be made: "That fellow a friend of the people? Say, I know him as well as I do myself, and he doesn't believe in the people any more than I do."

The main trouble with that descriptive statement, when correctly applied, is that it stops too soon. The conservative should say of his conservative-liberal brother: "He doesn't believe in the people any more than I do in the Constitution."

THE truth is that the two men function about alike. One of them protects his property interest by defend-

ing the common people. The other protects his property interest by defending the Constitution. We all know how sincere a man can be in defending the Constitution, when all he is really thinking about is his own property. Well, I believe that a publisher who identifies his property interests with the interests of the people can become just as sincerely vigilant in defending their rights as his fellow publisher becomes in defending the Constitution. And he's just as likely to go to heaven if he dies young.

The trouble with this kind of liberalism is that it seldom can survive the strain of great prosperity. The trouble with all liberalism is that it is not hereditary. The newspaper, by reason of its tremendous capital cost, has become a permanent, almost indestructible institution. But there is no guarantee whatever of permanence in its policies.

Call the roll of the conservative newspapers of America and you will find an amazing number that were built up through militant liberalism, but which through changes of ownership, through changes in family ideals from one generation to the next, or through the sheer pressure of re-invested profits, have become bulwarks of American capitalism in its reactionary aspects.

WITH this preliminary, I invite you to look at the amazing phenomenon we have in the United States today—a political philosophy which we call the New Deal, completely triumphant in national policy, yet practically unrepresented in that upper stratum of the American press which dignifies itself by the title of the fourth estate. What significance is there today to the title of fourth estate as applied to the American press? Would any man, coming to observe the political scene for the first time, single out the press as a fourth branch of government, more powerful than the other three?

If journalism were quickly responsive to political trends, there would have sprung up long before this a mushroom growth of liberal newspapers, all of them extolling the virtues of the New Deal and appealing for the blessings of its followers. Why has there been no such development?

For two reasons.

First, the cost of establishing a daily newspaper in a large city runs so far into the millions that it can only be undertaken by men of great wealth or as an extension of an existing newspaper chain. The same is true of the purchase of an existing newspaper. Men wealthy enough to buy or establish newspapers are not usually inter-

ested in an extension of liberalism. Even the newspaper chains devoted to liberalism—the David Stern and the Scripps-Howard papers—have limited power of expansion. It is not easy to build new liberal newspapers. Cost bars the way.

In the second place, the established conservative newspapers protect themselves against public disfavor by using their financial resources and their intelligence in a very creditable way. They put out newspapers which satisfy the main necessities and desires of liberal readers, to an extent at least sufficient to discourage the entry of new competition. What are these necessities and desires? To know the news of the world, and to be entertained.

A newspaper which presents the news fairly and comprehensively, and which has appealing features, can pursue an editorial policy consistently hostile to the beliefs of its readers, and they will continue to read it, though they may not do so if it has antagonized them by changing its views.

AS political liberalism has vanished from the newspapers of America, the loyalty or at least the grudging adherence of subscribers has been maintained by greater emphasis upon the presentation of news, and to an astonishing degree by the hold of the comics. Whatever you may say about the comics, as creators of American taste in art, they have been a lifesaver to newspapers which have incurred the political disfavor of their subscribers.

I believe that the comparative strength of the news columns of American newspapers—their strength in comparison with American editorial columns and in comparison with European news columns—has been due to the necessities of self-defense. Our newspapers have had to do something to compensate for their hostility to the political views of their readers. What they have done is present political news in relatively unbiased fashion.

If you make a survey of American newspapers, to locate bias in the news columns, you will find it most strongly present where the newspaper serves a special clientele, or where it is protected by the absence of effective competition. The New York *Herald Tribune* colors its political news to the thorough satisfaction of a clientele of conservative, well-to-do Republicans. The Chicago *Tribune* does the same to the intense anger of readers who can turn from the *Tribune* only to Hearst—from one frying pan to another. In the case of the New York *Herald Tribune* there is no reader re-

sentment against the newspaper. In the case of the Chicago *Tribune* resentment is unavailing because it costs too much to establish another morning newspaper in Chicago.

Now let me point out that you could duplicate the extreme conservatism of the New York *Herald Tribune's* editorial column in a hundred important American newspapers. You can even find mild counterparts of the Chicago *Tribune's* editorials. But you will not find a similar bias in news columns—not where competition exists. In the presentation of political news, the average newspaper is compelled to be fair. Compelled by what? By a sense of journalistic ethics? I don't think so. Compelled, rather, by the instinct of self-preservation, the force of competition, the necessity to offer something to the reader which will compensate for editorial hostility to the reader's political opinions.

HERE, then, is what makes it possible to have a metropolitan press fundamentally out of sympathy with the prevailing thought of the nation:

First, a community of interest between newspaper publishers, who are either wealthy or dependent on wealth, and the great business interests with which a majority of the people are in conflict.

Second, the tremendous cost of establishing competing liberal newspapers.

Third, a defense mechanism by which conservative newspapers offer comparatively unbiased and extensive news reports, satisfactory to their liberal readers, as recompense for editorial hostility to liberalism.

I doubt whether this is a permanent alignment. I do not believe it is possible for any political philosophy to remain dominant in the United States over a period of years without forging an instrument for its expression in journalism. If the New Deal stays with us, there will be a New Deal press corresponding in scope to the political movement which creates it. Conditions are marvelously favorable to the growth of the liberal press, where it exists, despite the difficulty of its establishment.

However, the inescapable fact is that no such press exists today, except as a scattered aspect of metropolitan journalism. There is a New Deal rural press, which springs from a totally different set of economic circumstances and performs a different work, but it is incapable of performing the work which is demanded of newspapers functioning creatively in public affairs.

We have no press today represent-

ing the dominant political thought of the country, and there is no immediate prospect of such a press being established on a national scale.

I look upon that fact as the most dangerous single factor in American politics. We have, it is true, the radio. The radio has been a factor in the emancipation of the people from our so-called fourth estate, and when I say emancipation I mean emancipation.

It is now possible for two candidates for President, or more than two, to go before the people of the entire nation and make their pleas for election without being dependent in the slightest degree upon the good will of the newspapers. If the newspapers do not publish the speeches of the two candidates, or if they garble the speeches, or make unfair comments upon them, the people have a criterion of their own—the memory of what they heard with their own ears—to supply the omission or correct the judgment. Also, through the radio, the personality of candidates for office may be presented with a skill limited only by the personality itself. The radio has given political democracy an instrument for fulfillment, so far as our national executive is concerned, whether or not there is unerring wisdom in the use of that instrument.

To a lesser degree, this holds true also in the election of United States senators, congressmen and the governors of states. The radio is an adequate forum for debate among all contenders for important office.

What happens, however, once these officers are elected? The President continues to carry his policies to the people, over the radio and through the columns of the newspapers. As long as the President maintains this direct appeal, and the people continue to look upon him as their friend, he is impregnable to the criticism of a hostile press.

But what about senators and congressmen and governors and state legislators? What part do they play in the fashioning of a permanent political policy? And what influence does the press have upon them?

WHAT we call the New Deal exists as an unwritten compact between President Roosevelt and the 27,000,000 voters who re-elected him last November. Suppose that on some occasion when the President is taking one of his periodic ocean trips upon an American warship, the magazine explodes. What would be left of the New Deal? What would be left of a functioning American government?

[Continued on page 18]

It Isn't All Fire and Brimstone—

IT'S really quite simple to be a war correspondent, we were recently told. Your first requisite is a battered portable typewriter and sheafs of copy paper. Next, it is necessary to have impenetrable courage and faith in yourself. Of course, there has to be a war somewhere, and your official credentials must be passed upon by the foreign nations concerned.

We thought that we had enumerated all the requirements for a foreign correspondent. Reginald Wright Kauffman spoke up to say that we omitted the most important requisite—the indispensable one—of having a publication for which to correspond.

MMR. KAUFFMAN, well-known editor, novelist and foreign correspondent, had the good fortune to be living in a small cottage facing the North Sea near Scarborough, England, at the outset of the World War. One morning during that summer he was awakened by a rumbling at sea. While resting on one elbow and listening, there came a knock on his bedroom door.

"Come in," Mr. Kauffman called out.

The door was pushed open by Binns, the serious-faced housekeeper who brought in breakfast. They exchanged greetings.

"By the way, what's all the noise about out at sea, Binns?"

"They are bombarding Scarborough, sir," she replied unemotionally.

"Who is bombarding Scarborough?" Kauffman roared, almost leaping from bed.

"I expect it would be the Germans, sir—wouldn't it?"

After dressing, Mr. Kauffman mounted his horse and rode to a higher vantage point from which to view the attack. War was going on virtually in Mr. Kauffman's back yard, but he returned to the cottage to continue work on a novel.

WHILE out riding several mornings later, he was stopped by the village constable who asked what he thought about the Kaiser.

"England was spy-crazy at that time," Kauffman smiled. "Kauffman" being a Germanic name, the constable directed his sleuthing talents toward me."

He thought nothing more of the village detective until an army captain paid a visit to the cottage. The military officer informed Kauffman that

War, With All Its Horror, Does Have Lighter Moments, These Stories Show

By MARTIN SHERIDAN

the constable had reported him as using an unlicensed wireless outfit and sending secret messages from his study window to one of the many ships then hovering about the Yorkshire coast.

Suddenly it all dawned upon Kauffman. He had been working nights on his book and the pounding of his typewriter carried clearly through the still night air to the constable who evidently was snooping nearby. After working for a while, he would walk to the window overlooking the sea and would stretch wide his arms. The amateur Sherlock Holmes had mistaken the tappings of a typewriter for a wireless transmitter and he had interpreted the casual stretch at the window as a semaphore signal to enemy vessels.

LAFTER, the *Saturday Evening Post* people asked Kauffman to represent them in Belgium. He quickly crossed to the Continent. One morning he started to drive from La Panne to the front-line trenches. His chauffeur was forced to stop several miles down the unpaved, shell-torn, military road since a large car had stalled in the middle of the narrow highway. A pair

of legs stuck out from under each side of the vehicle.

The correspondent, nerves tense and jangled, left his car and began to expound on the rights of an American newspaperman and on the importance of relaying news to the world. What was this car doing right smack in the center of a narrow road, impeding all official traffic? Here is my card, sir, and would you please move your vehicle to one side as quickly as possible?

The pair of booted legs which Kauffman was addressing slid out from under the running-board and a tall, handsome, moustached gentleman with grimy face and greasy hands picked himself up and bowed deeply.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began. "The Press must have the right-of-way to keep the world posted on this Great War. My chauffeur and I will push our car to the side of the road. It has been a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Kauffman, and I am truly sorry for your delay."

The speaker was Albert, King of the Belgians.

Well, war was war! . . .

FACING death, or worse than death on the battlefields of hell, men can still find time to laugh, find a grim sort of humor in the situations that arise from time to time. From Reginald Wright Kauffman, noted author, editor and war correspondent, Martin Sheridan—well known to Quill readers for his frequent articles—gained these war-stories which we believe you will find very interesting.

Mr. Kauffman's journalistic career began in 1897 with the Philadelphia Press. From the Press, he went to the Saturday Evening Post as associate editor and later became associate editor of Delineator and drama critic of the Philadelphia North American. He was managing editor of Hampton's Magazine; served four years as director of the New York Herald Tribune's Geneva Bureau; was an editorial writer and columnist for the Washington Post; a war correspondent during the World War, and is the author of nearly 40 books and numerous articles. His wife, Ruth Wright Kauffman, also is a noted author and correspondent.



Sheridan

WHEN the United States entered the fray in April, 1917, Reginald Wright Kauffman quit Europe.

"I returned to America," he said, pronouncing "America" with just enough trill to make it pleasant, "in time to enlist in the United States Army. For some minor physical disability, I was rejected. Appointments as accredited war correspondent with the British, French, and Belgian armies came through, and I returned to Europe to finish out the balance of the war without as much as a cold, although a gas attack left me with a raw, sensitive throat."

Another incident which Mr. Kauffman recalled occurred early in the war when he was being conducted to the front lines by an army officer. The two men had stopped over for the night in a small farmhouse. Toward twilight, the major announced:

"We'll stay awake for a while to watch the enemy planes fly over at 9:14."

Kauffman agreed. At 9:14 precisely the droning of airplanes was heard. He leaned out a window to get a better view as the aircraft roared overhead.

"Major," he called back into the room, "I can't understand how it could hail on a beautiful, clear night such as this."

The officer caught Kauffman by the collar and pulled him back into the room.

"Man, that wasn't hail you felt! That was shrapnel dropping from the shots of our anti-aircraft guns!"

ON one of the trans-Atlantic crossings with Wythe Williams and Herbert Corey on a troopship, Kauffman stood and watched a Canadian band play "Long Live the King." The Canadians did not get very far in their music when two of the band members in paroxysms of seasickness rushed to the railing of the ship. One by one, the other musicians folded up and dropped to the deck. One last trumpeter, while on his last legs, facetiously started to blow taps. Halfway through that, he, too, dropped his instrument and made a last-minute dash for the railing.

That trip which started out so humorously ran into seeming difficulties near the Irish Coast, when early on the morning of the seventh day, the lookout cried out from the crow's nest, "periscope ahoy! periscope ahoy!" Everyone put on life preservers and rushed out on deck where the gun crew manned two 6-inchers and fired away at the periscope. After the battle was over—an investigation disclosed that the "periscope" was merely

a floating piece of mast wood. Yes, the trip was finally completed without any further incident.

Lord Tweedsmuir, a Scotsman, told Kauffman to be sure to contact him if there was anything that he wanted while at the front, R. W. K. lost his favorite khaki scarf and wrote His Lordship that he would like it replaced. A package arrived in a few days. Kauffman opened it and found the khaki scarf that he had asked for. In its folds was a little note.

"Here is your scarf. It cost three shillings six. Lord Tweedsmuir."

MMR. KAUFFMAN maintains that those men who participated in the war and said that they were never afraid were either super-men or good liars: "Man is a selfish animal and, after seeing other men killed all around him, it is only natural that he should have some fears for his own safety."

In contrast to the humorous incidents, Reginald Wright Kauffman told of a dangerous few hours spent at the front by Walter Duranty and himself. With two other newspapermen R. W. K. and Duranty were escorted out from the front line to a deserted farmhouse—an artillery-observation post—only a few hundred yards from the German lines. The party had to cross a narrow plank over a swift brook. As shells burst around them they had to flop to the ground at frequent intervals. During that time, Duranty was engaging the French army officer in a conversation about provincial politics in France.

After reaching a point uncomfortably close to the enemy, one correspondent broke down and refused to move forward. By that time, enemy guns had found their range. Shells and rifle fire were landing much too close for comfort. The French officer decided to turn back. Instead of walking, the men ran. Upon reaching the brook, Kauffman leaped across it never touching the wooden plank. He described this as "one of the world's best broad jumps." When they reached the comparative safety of the trenches, he asked Duranty why he had kept up the continuous unimportant chatter about politics.

"Who was talking about politics?" Duranty asked.

"You were, Wally!"

"Well, if I did, I can't remember a thing about it," Duranty retorted. He later confessed that it was one of the most ticklish moments that he had experienced throughout the World War.

WE asked Mr. Kauffman how he would like to receive a war correspondent's assignment today.



Reginald Wright Kauffman

"I would certainly jump at the chance again. However, I sincerely hope that any war threats remain—only threats."

After the Armistice, Kauffman returned to the writing of novels. He spent four years in Geneva as chief of the New York *Herald Tribune*'s bureau there. Returning to America he wrote a daily column and editorials for the *Washington Post* prior to taking in hand the editorship of the *Financial Observer* last fall.

Again in an inquisitive mood, we asked: "What in the world are you—a novelist and foreign correspondent—doing as editor of a financial magazine? It's a far cry from the noisy battlefield to the relative quiet (?) of an editorial office!"

Whereupon Mr. Kauffman replied: "Only a novelist can know how little finance there is in fiction and how much fiction there is in finance."

How true those words turned out to be. A week after they were uttered to your correspondent, the editor of the *Financial Observer* became suspicious of the financial backer of the magazine and left the publication. Four weeks later, the backer was arrested on charges of being another Ponzi who swindled investors to operate the *Financial Observer* to appease his desire to be the publisher of a fine magazine.

Kauffman then remarked: "All the excitement that I experienced at the front couldn't compare with the excitement surrounding the failure of the magazine and the subsequent arrest of the publisher who had a fiction-like past."

ROBERT K. RICHARDS (Ohio State '34), is radio and feature editor of the Cincinnati *Post*.



George Clark

THE other day a son of the Arkansas Ozarks who sketched his way to success on Park avenue packed up his bags and returned to his native hill country.

George Clark, inimitable artist who draws "Side Glances" for *NEA Service's* 40,000,000 readers, wanted to get back to the rugged realities of his childhood home. He wanted to soak up new inspiration from the good earth.

So he loaded his camera, collected some sketch pads, bundled Mrs. Clark and their five-year-old daughter into his car and started out. They headed for Bentonville, Ark., Clark's birthplace.

EN ROUTE, Clark dropped one of his characteristic longhand letters to Peter Edson, editor of *NEA Service*, explaining the purpose of the hinterland tour. (Incidentally, it's always a problem at *NEA* keeping up with Clark's sketchy itinerary.) Wrote Clark:

"I'm pretty much in need of some fresh background for the good old American Home and I think this trip will give me just that. I'm going to take copious notes and about 500 snapshots—everything from back porches to courthouses. All this will give me some reality and I can't do anything worth a damn without it."

Two weeks later *NEA's* comic art director, Hal Cochran, opened his morning mail and "reality" spilled all over the place. There was everything from the mountaineer gal who chopped her own logs "because the hired man wasted too much woods in chips" to some first-hand closeups of the characters along the rural party

When George Clark Goes

Intimate Glimpses of an Artist Whose "Side Glances" Click

By PAUL FRIGGENS

NEA Service Staff Correspondent

line. Accompanying the new batch of "Side Glances" was another one of those pithy Clark memorandums.

"I've just been out visiting my Uncle Joe," wrote Clark. "He hasn't worn a tie since he was married 40 years ago. He's not only a marvelous character, but he's a gold mine of material. Likes to talk. When I dropped in on him, Aunt Molly said she always keeps him

hid unless it's one of the relatives calling.

"But seriously, here's the stuff. As I said on the 'phone the other day the only way I can see to do this is with an honest approach. Hardly any exaggeration. I think we should lay off the 'We got to catch Elmer and put some shoes on him' angle. After all, these are real people.

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"He's here, but he can't talk right now. He just took a fresh chew of tobacco. I'll call you back just as soon as he spits."

Sketching —

"Next, if my wife and child survive, I might cut over to Florida for a week before the season is over. Then on up to Washington. Or maybe Florida could be put off until next winter and combined with a trip to the west coast and Hollywood. This may sound a bit too enthusiastic but honestly I need to keep a pretty good stimulant in 'Side Glances.'"

AND so life goes, on the inside, for one of America's most popular cartoonists, an outstanding interpreter of the Great American Home.

George Clark likes to feel that generally he depicts the life of middle class America. It's the close touch he keeps with this vast cross section that in a large measure accounts for his wide success. One ought to add, of course, his experience as a husband and father. Thirteen years ago he married the sweetheart of his Bentonville school days and he now is the father of a daughter who has been pictured in "Side Glances," practically from the day of her birth.

Clark, now 35, grew up in Bentonville, in the heart of the beautiful Ozarks, and in nearby Oklahoma. He didn't start out with any very definite goal in mind. His artistic career began with sports cartoons for the Oklahoma News while he was still in high school. Then, after assorted jobs which included a suffering spell as a shoe salesman, he joined the Scripps-Howard organization at the age of 20. His first job was as an illustrator on the Cleveland Press.

But he didn't tie long to routine newspaper art work. In 1927 Clark hit out for New York, free lanced for a spell and finally re-entered the Scripps-Howard employment, joining NEA Service, Inc., as a general staff artist. After a year with NEA, Clark began "Side Glances" and the panel has been going increasingly strong ever since.

SIDE GLANCES are just that. It was the first comic of its type—off-side observations of a philosophic mind keenly alert to the subtle humor of our daily doings. And it is difficult to conceive of anyone drawing them except Clark. There have been many imitators, but somehow all have failed to catch the artistic integrity of the original model.

Integrity, for that matter, is George Clark's signal characteristic. If there's anything on earth he despises it's a "phony." That's why the lines under

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"Here you are—six glasses of water! That's the last I want to hear out of you."

"Side Glances" ring so true to life. They read simply, but they come hard. And they come only after Clark has been on the scene.

That's why he went back to the Southwest recently. On that trip Clark sketched not only Bentonville; he sketched real life of town and country in six states, ending up finally in the nation's capital, where he put on paper the life of Washington at work and at play. Next time he may "cover" the prairie states or Hollywood. They're all on George Clark's "beat."

"I think I enjoy this part of my job best," says Clark, speaking of his travels and search for material. "It's like reporting—getting a hold on facts and emotional reaction so it can be expressed in a finished drawing."

SO America is really George Clark's home. The true focus of his observations lies "out there." To Clark, this business of a daily cartoon is not mere

"gagman" work. In his own words:

"Everything in the drawing should be there only to put the gag over. The gag is the first thing I must get. But the line itself would likely be meaningless without the drawing. Then it's up to me to make it seem as if the line had really been spoken. To make it seem real I must sometimes go through hundreds of sketches—some made five or six years ago—to find the sort of person who would fit that line. Also, the surroundings should go with the line, such as the right kind of furniture, etc. In other words, I think a drawing may be better than the idea it expresses, but its first duty is to sell that idea."

Every Clark cartoon faces this acid test: "Is it the sort of thing that really could happen any day to anybody?" Few people give this man ideas. Rather he gets them from everybody and develops them to meet his own peculiarly critical standards.

[Concluded on page 16]

ANY publisher of a small town newspaper who is trying to keep pace with the larger newspapers in the matter of quantity wire news or features is facing a financial impossibility unless he is careless about the amount of red ink that is spilled on his ledger accounts.

But if we publishers of the smaller cities grasp the true responsibility of our newspapers in our communities—keep our eyes open and learn to apply some of the ideas that have worked in other centers—the metropolitan newspapers will give us very little to worry about.

We must realize that the day has passed when the merchants "give" the newspaper an ad out of loyalty to the hometown newspaper. The advent of the chain stores into our towns has taught most of our merchants that they must look at their advertising just as essential an expense as their window display, store arrangement or any other legitimate expense of doing business. They also have learned that they are buying something besides space—that they are buying circulation and upon that alone can we base our advertising rates.

The hard roads have enabled the people of the small towns to go to the cities and they can no longer be referred to as "hicks." But there is one thing these people expect in their hometown newspaper and that is the news of local happenings in all walks of life. Our circulation figures can well be governed by the amount of attention we give to that phase of our newspaper.

GIVE your readers the most important wire news and all the national features your revenue can afford and then don't overlook even the smallest of local news happenings. When you have exhausted your sources along that line there are still the local features that you can work up such as Safety Clubs—80 years series—old time pictures, consisting of pictures of well known persons taken when they were quite young.

We used this latter feature for both news and commercial purposes by giving show tickets to those who recognized the greatest number of pictures in one week. The name of the person in the picture was always given at the top of the classified page each following day and that increased our classified lineage more than the cost of the cuts, even before we installed our own engraving plant in 1931.

The 80-year series I learned from the late Mrs. Deming of Warren, O., and that feature proved to be most

Why Worry About

Some Home-Made Promotion Stunts To Make the Folks Wake Up and Read

By C. F. JEWELL

Managing Editor, the Taylorville (Ill.) Breeze-Courier

valuable from a point of reader interest and good will. In addition to the friendships added among the friends of relatives of the subject written about, we also prepared a most complete obituary file and pictures of personages who cannot be here long before their death and there we have the obituary with little or no trouble.

We have conducted various Safety Clubs for boys and girls in co-operation with our local theater. We printed pledge cards for the boys and girls to sign in which they agreed to stop, look and listen before crossing the street. These pledge cards were used as admission to a special matinee given for members by the theater at various times. Any one caught violating the pledge lost his membership card and the teachers co-operated in keeping a close check on the members. All their names were published in the columns of the paper and at one time we had more than 1,600 members. Since that first Safety Club was organized some years ago there has not been a fatal accident to school children from being struck by an auto. That proved valuable as both a service and reader interest.

FOR the past three years we have sponsored a softball league and this has provided an unlimited amount of entertainment for a great host of our people. We have controlled the nights of play to three each week in order that we may not retard the business of our confectioneries and other concerns that remain open evenings.

Those of us who have enjoyed the sensation of becoming the father of a fine bouncing baby boy or girl know that any nice things said about that youngster for the first few years is sure to hit the right cord on our heart strings.

To meet that situation we publish an annual baby edition during Baby Week, using the pictures of from 40 to 80 of the youngsters with some "wise cracks" about the baby or its parents—or even grandparents. We publish that in tabloid form and it has always proven to be profitable from an advertising standpoint.

Now after five years we are getting an accumulation of those cuts and recently we started another feature "Whose Baby?" in which we run the picture of the baby, offering show tickets to the one who recognizes the

PLENTY of small town publishers, daily and weekly, worry about the competition of metropolitan newspapers reaching circulation tentacles far and wide—with imposing arrays of comics, big-name writers, picture pages and a host of other features. Many of them attempt to ape the big dailies, getting out their papers with a scant personnel—and that using paste pot and shears on syndicate matter.

But others—markedly C. F. Jewell, of the Taylorville (Ill.) Breeze-Courier and fellow wideawake contemporaries—know they cannot hope to meet the big dailies with the latter's own weapons. They give their readers selected syndicate features—PLUS plenty of LOCAL features, material the outside papers will NOT have.

Speaking before the Hoosier State Press Association, Mr. Jewell enumerated some of the promotion stunts that have helped his paper meet metropolitan competition. His remarks are full of live suggestions that may be adapted to your paper's use.

Big City Competition

greatest number each week and requesting the parents to come to the office and receive the cut free of charge.

For several years, until my time was simply exhausted, we staged annual dog parades with prizes for the "largest," "smallest," "ugliest," "best dressed," "best trick" and "most comically dressed" dogs. This stunt created considerable interest among both old and young and always attracted thousands of people to the business district of the city. This also pleased the merchants and incidentally increased the advertising lineage enough to more than bear the cost of the project.

ANOTHER stunt that proved very profitable both from the standpoint of revenue, reader interest and good will for the two years that we did it was to permit the carriers to edit and solicit the advertising for one issue.

We selected our staff through a circulation contest among the carriers. The one with the largest number of points to be the managing editor and on down the line. Our staff took the time to work with each carrier during the day and every boy who secured and wrote stories for the issue was given a "by-line." The last time we staged one of these days we carried more than 900 inches of display, increased our city circulation by a substantial amount and caused considerable favorable comment upon the part of our readers.

We are ever alert to the promotion of various local improvements that prove beneficial to the city. We do not start a program of that kind until we have consulted the various city officials or other responsible persons to secure their support. We then start the publicity and give credit to those who carry it through without taking any credit for the newspaper. The general public gives the newspaper credit for its part and the officials are ready to come back and co-operate again if given the proper kind of favorable publicity.

A local column is also a good stunt to create readers interest but it carries a certain amount of "dynamite."

For several years I wrote a column and during that time I became a dad. I then in a joking way organized the "Ancient Order of Launderers of Little White Squares." The badge of this order was a small triangular piece of cheese cloth pinned with a small

safety pin. Without realizing what this was all about it soon had me writing up all the new daddies in the column from almost every walk of life.

This column I later turned over to my partner who is an old-timer in the city and very adept at writing verse and commenting on current events in a humorous trend and reminiscing of the early days and the people of that time. This commands considerable reader interest.

WE have worked several other stunts that I will not take the time to enumerate but we believe that local news of this nature has been responsible in increasing our circulation by more than three times in the past nine years. Then we were a poor second paper in the city and we now have the only daily there.

We have a larger city circulation than there are homes and this has permitted us to increase our advertising from 20 to 40 cents and more than double our national lineage, in spite of the fact that there are four metropolitan dailies published within a radius of 28 miles of our city.

I might add that we have never resorted to cut prices or an automobile contest in the increasing of our circulation figures and two years ago we increased our mail subscription rate in the county from \$3.00 to \$4.00, and \$5.00 outside the county.

While we are on the subject of circulation I wish to say that the best way to build sound circulation is through the carrier boys and that covers a multitude of stunts that make their work a game rather than daily drudgery.

We have worked such stunts as Carrier Tournaments—Circus Days—Grab Bag Night—Excursion Trips—Wiener Roasts—Merit Awards—Special Treats—A Bosses Banquet—and a host of other things that time does not permit me to mention here. Our latest stunt during these days of "bank night" is a carrier boys' bank night at which time a small sum of money is placed in the "pot" and the drawing is made. In the event the boy who wins the money has not secured at least one new subscriber during the week the money is left in the pot and the amount doubled for the following week.

WITH the increase in the price of newsprint, social security and taxes I believe we are all facing the problem



C. F. Jewell

of some source of additional revenue if we are to keep pace with the ever increasing overhead in doing business.

For years we faced the bugaboo of the loss on our Saturday issue. We considered for a time the possibility of dropping the Saturday issue and publishing a bulldog Sunday issue with a comic section. We finally decided to try a stunt with our Saturday issue to increase the reader interest of that day and thus have a talking point for more lineage. We now carry a full page of society pictures and society items on Saturday. We arranged with the theater to devote a full page to coming theater attractions if they would assure us of at least a half page of copy in addition to their other lineage.

This was followed by a church page sold for a period of 32 weeks at a time and some of the stores added to that lineage by advertising "After Supper" specials since the paper is issued at noon on Saturday.

We build up our Monday lineage by a special Farmers Page feature on that day carrying the news of the farmers activities and several of the country correspondents news items.

Wednesday lineage is built up with a motorist page that increases the lineage of garages and motor accessory stores. The Thursday and Friday issues are now about evenly divided by a greatly increased amount of food store advertising.

We have had no intent to boast about these things—we just wanted to pass along a few ideas that have helped us do our job a little better, with the hope that they'll help you too. And if you've any good ideas over your way we'll be glad to have you let us know about them in return.



How would you like to hold this copperhead in one hand and photograph him with the other, as Maslowski did?

THREE is talk of divorce in my family. It's one of those eternal triangle things. You know, one man and two loves, all of whom but the man insist that two can get along better than three.

Ever since I have been big enough to throw the lever to snap open a shotgun I have been more or less married to one. When I was not hunting in open seasons I was collecting birds and small mammals and preparing them for scientific collections for museums. A sort of understanding developed between me and my gun. It occupied the corner of my room nearest my bed; it always had a prominent place in my auto; and was my most intimate and welcomed companion on my numerous trips into the field. Since its stock is red, I've called her my "red-head."

About three years ago, however, a "brunet" entered my life and has done much to undermine the "red head's" faith in me. The "redhead" no longer accompanies me on all my field or auto trips, nor does she occupy her former place of honor at the head of my bed. Instead, the "brunet," a square black box that takes pictures, has wormed her way into my heart and constant company. The camera is now my reigning favorite and it looks like my faithful old shotgun will have to sue

for divorce naming the camera as co-respondent.

IT ALL started about three years ago when I heard a photo naturalist remark that the best nature pictures have never been made. Right then I decided that the time had come for someone to start making those "best" pictures. I invested in a camera (and have been investing ever since my



Four little owlets sat in a tree, waiting for

All illustrations by the

Shooting Picture S

By KARL H. MASLOWSKI



This photograph of "a blessed event" in a killdeer nest is one of a fine series made by the author and sold to several markets.

initial purchase) and combining the experience I had gathered while assisting another photo-naturalist, along with some excellent coaching from a newspaper photographer, started to make nature pictures. The things I had learned about hunting animals with a gun stood me in good stead as I began hunting them with a camera. Indeed, the chief difference between the two types of hunting is the fact that

WITH the whole world picture-contests everywhere are trying to locate which to obtain stories in pictures that editorial feature or magazine sections for

The name of Karl H. Maslowski is frequency in the credit lines accompanying photographs. In the accompanying article some of his experiences in hunting gives some tips that will be of interest to their hobby, part-time job, or full

Mr. Maslowski, whose home is in Cincinnati, spends his days during the light hours, except week-ends, selling for the Cincinnati News Paper Co. He writes a weekly column, "A Naturalist in the Miami Valley," gives a series of nature lectures illustrated, and attends the University of Cincinnati between times and on week-ends he takes his camera and returns with excellent s



e. waiting for evening so they could see.

Illustrations by the Author

True Stories That Sell

H. MASLOWSKI

once you hit your quarry with a gun you were finished shooting at that particular creature. On the other hand, with a camera you can continue shooting no matter how many hits you make.

I learned after my first attempts that "hits" are far less frequent with a camera than they are with a gun. When I hunted with a lethal weapon it looked so easy to picture on film the many things of interest I saw. When I

hunted with a harmless weapon like a camera it was the other way round. In short, I learned why the "best nature pictures had never been made." Nevertheless in my three years of nature picturing I have never stopped trying to make those "best pictures."

SOME of the experiences and lessons I have learned in those three years of trying have been very interesting—

and may help other picture hunters.

The first thing I learned was to buy good equipment and keep it that way. My still cameras are all Graflex made. These cameras seem to me to be the finest available for the photo-naturalist. Sizes $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ and 4×5 are the best for my purpose. The question of lenses usually leads one in a vicious circle. Much of my work is with smaller animals and necessitates working from within 18 inches to ten feet of my subject. For that distance I have found a lens of about $7\frac{1}{2}'$ focal length to be about ideal. Working with large sized film as I do, I can enlarge comparatively small images to tremendous size. I have found too that an f.4.5 lens is fast enough to stop a great many of the motions of the animal world. A lens becomes doubly valuable if it has a compur shutter and consequently permits synchronization with a good flash synchronizer.

One of the most difficult pictures I ever made was that of a copperhead snake. While working along a shale hillside in Southwestern Ohio one day, I captured a copperhead about 30 inches in length. A snake of that species that length is dynamite.

I was alone and wanted a photograph showing just the head. That was easy enough, but I also wanted the mouth open showing the flabby fang sacks to use as an illustration in

picture-conscious as never before, editors to locate new picture sources from pictures that will help them prepare pictures for their readers.

Maslowski is being found with increasing frequency accompanying striking nature photographs. In his accompanying article, Mr. Maslowski discusses his hunting stories with a camera—also of interest to those making photographic hobby, or full-time calling.

He is in Cincinnati, O., spends his days, selling paper for the Chatfield Daily column of about 1,200 words, titled "The Valley," for the Cincinnati Enquirer; figures illustrated with his own pictures. In Cincinnati one evening a week. In week-ends he hies to the open with his excellent studies of wild life.



Here is a closeup of Karl Maslowski, snapped by Harold Rhodenbaugh, Roto Editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.



You'll find Author-Snapper Maslowski's description of the way he photographed the spring peeper's serenade amusing

a lecture. It was also imperative to show the slit-like perpendicular pupils of the eyes as well as the deep pit between the eye and the nostril. These last two points indicate a New World poisonous snake.

When I found the snake I had both a camera and a tripod on my back. Holding the snake in front of me, pressing its jaws open at the same time, was a delicate task in itself, but adding the difficulty of focusing and otherwise adjusting the camera to make the picture seemed almost impossible. Finally, however, as can be seen from the accompanying photograph, I succeeded to some degree.

ONE of the most enjoyable things about hunting with a camera is the fact that closed seasons are unknown in the sport. Early springtime, when the sportsman oils and puts up his guns, is usually the season when the camera hunter becomes most active. Then too, a hunter is limited to some degree in the type of game he can hunt. Not so with the photographer—he can turn his weapon on anything from a moose to a mite.

For example, what nimrod would go around shooting half inch long spring peeper frogs for sport or pot with a rifle or shotgun? Shoot them, on the other hand, with a camera and it does become a sporting proposition. Indeed, one of the most interesting and valuable series of pictures I ever made was that of the courtship performance of this very spring peeper.

Spring had come to Southern Ohio. The ice had melted from the ponds, pussy-willows were "furring out" and the first male redwings had just returned to the sere brown cattail beds. From the bottoms of the ponds had emerged a host of animals. Among these was one little animal which I wanted to photograph at night. For it is at night that they start crooning their love song.

I scouted out a pond not far from my home. I visited the tiny pool regularly for a week and then was gratified one night to hear that mysterious yet familiar sharp-pitched whistle of the spring peeper—"Knee-deep knee-deep knee-deep." The peepers had emerged—now to make their picture. I returned the next night with camera and flash equipment, but the pond was as silent as night itself. Too cold for them to sing. I waited for a warm evening and returned to the pond again. It sounded as though every spring peeper and swamp tree frog in the state had gathered at the pond to make love. The racket could be heard for almost a mile.

WHEN I came within 50 feet of the edge of the pond, however, every frog voice automatically turned off. I walked softly over to the pond's edge and stood perfectly silent. Ten minutes dragged by and then from the far end on the pond came a "peep." Followed by another and another until the whole population was again singing in chorus. Frogs sounded all around me. I seemed as though they were even on my hat and twice I thought of taking it off to verify my suspicions. I turned on my flashlight and gradually began to search for one of the singers about five yards away. I moved too rapidly, and the pond became silent once more. I waited another ten minutes and then suddenly the frogs began calling vigorously again.

This time I moved more slowly. I waded out into the water toward a clump of cattails where my particular "crooner" seemed to be perched. The water was bitterly cold as it crept higher and higher up my legs. Finally I stood at the edge of the cattails, water almost up to my waist and a tiny mite of a frog in the center of my flashlight beam. His throat was inflated and projected like a great translucent bubble. I had my subject at last!

Slowly I began arranging my camera and then as I moved forward a fraction of an inch to better my focus I caused a small wave to roll over the cattail on which the frog was perched. His throat folded like a blow-out and he promptly dove under water.

So it happened twice more—then my persistence won. I found a peeper who didn't mind minor disturbances like little waves and shakes, and he posed readily as I flashed a half dozen bulbs on him and made a series of pictures showing "How a Frog Courts."

I started at 8 p. m. that night. When I emerged from the water to warm myself at a fire it was 12:30 a. m. the following morning. My legs felt almost petrified. Someone once asked me why I didn't wear hip boots for that kind of work. The only purpose a hip boot serves is to measure how much water it will hold. If you want frog pictures, and wear hip boots sooner or later you'll go over the tops. I'd rather have the water free than have to move it about with me."

These photographs of the Spring Peeper, by the way, have brought me in several checks. Rotogravure editors want interesting, authentic nature photographs and the larger papers are willing to pay well for them. They want, they tell me, "pictures stories." Not "arty" pictures, but those reveal-

ing the characteristics, markings, habits, etc., of the subject.

MUCH of my nature work is with birds. They are most interesting during nesting season. Some, such as the Woodcock, will go on a sit-down strike while incubating their eggs and must forcibly be lifted off their eggs to make a picture of their nest. Unfortunately, all birds are not like the Woodcock, and to make intimate pictures of the home life demands the patience of a Job, the ingenuity of an Edison, and the determination of a Roosevelt (Teddy or F. D.—as you please).

I recall with retrospective trepidations the hardships and difficulties I had making photographs of a family of Red-Shouldered Hawks. These hawks are among the shyest of woodland birds. I found the nest with three eggs high up in the trunk crotch of a mighty beech tree. I waited until the first egg had hatched, then I carefully began constructing a blind or hiding place in the same tree just seven feet away. Each day for more than a week I would climb that great tree, nail a few pieces of lumber in position and then quickly depart. Finally I had constructed a small flat four-foot square platform on top of which I securely fastened a small igloo-shaped hut fashioned from duraluminum rods and undertaker's cloth.

When completed, this little structure rested 90 feet above the ground and had apparently been erected so slowly and carefully that the adult birds seemed to pay little attention to it since I frequently flushed the old birds from the nest as I came to work on the blind. The young, too, had increased in size indicating that the parents were feeding the young regularly in spite of the blind's presence. I stayed away from the blind for two days after completion.

Then one morning I entered the blind with my cameras, removed the dummy lens (glass bottle) that jutted through the bottom of the blind and placed my cameras in position. I waited there a whole morning. The only excitement occurred when a bumble bee came zooming in through the lens opening and was promptly flattened with a plate holder. Not once did either old bird come to the nest. I was discouraged and departed from the blind after an unsuccessful wait of four hours. I had entered the blind alone that day and I suspected that the parent hawks had witnessed my entrance and had waited for my departure before flying in with food for the young.

The following day, therefore, I took along a companion. We both climbed

[Concluded on page 16]

LINES TO THE LANCERS

By J. GUNNAR BACK

THE very character of their origins destined many of the little magazines to be so many fireflies, giving off a twinkling but heatless light, seen briefly in the night, and gone with the day. Except that fireflies leave no printer's bills. Other little magazines



J. Gunnar Back

that have been the inventions of matured minds and intelligent intentions have been lighthouses, seemingly on solid rock before the angry sea, but they too are sinking into the sand. *Story* magazine has grown up physically.

Such publications as *Manuscript*, the *Windsor Quarterly*, and *Midland* have disappeared. You can count on one hand the important little magazines that remain.

To a large body of writers this increasingly high mortality rate is not disturbing. There have appeared new little magazines, in the pocket-size sense, to keep them busy. This column, however, wishes to take some notice of the little magazine in the first sense, and is doing so this month with the assistance of Weldon Kees, once an editor of one and a frequent contributor to others.

Perhaps it is right to say that the little magazine has had two recognizable phases. One the post-war phase, when writers rushed to the little magazine to protest against America's stultifying itself, something the big magazines were celebrating. Or when they rushed to proclaim their discovery of regionalism. The other phase came in the years 1934 to 1936 when there were distressful economic facts to protest about. Through both phases there was always more honest writing produced in a year in America than there was place for in magazines that accept and pay for it, and the little magazines helped take up the slack. There were also many writers who wrote for little magazines and were not taking second-best by appearing in them.

Why is the little magazine dying off so rapidly today? Perhaps because their editors now have jobs, and their writers too. Such a generalization is not meant to be critical of editors and

writers who do not deserve to be thus treated. Then too in the post-war period there were people who recognized Babbletry and good-naturedly paid to read criticism of it, all the while believing that things must be the way they are. The little magazine of 1934-36 logically went to the left, and that was quite a different thing with the good-natured ones, at least after the return of a recognizable prosperity. And big, fat *Esquire* magazine came along and assumed the rôle of discovering new writers.

Erskine Caldwell, Sherwood Anderson, William Faulkner, Robert Cantwell, many other writers, were developed through the little magazine. There are few little magazines left to perform this important function. Many of those that have endured are subsidized by universities and colleges, but even Nebraska's *Prairie Schooner* which never abandoned in ten years an intention of accepting good and honest writing, right or left, is faltering in its eleventh year.

If you have a piece of work you think should be read because it says something worth saying, and you want it read, though you get paid nothing, then send it to one of the following magazines: *Frontier and Midland*, Missoula, Mont., A. G. Merriam. This publication has the same needs as *Story*; *Prairie Schooner*, Station A, Lincoln, Nebr.; *Hinterland*, David McLaughlin, Box 400, Des Moines, Ia. *Leftish*, likes the farm story; *American Prefaces*, Wilbur L. Schramm, Iowa City, Ia. Uses fiction, verse, critical articles; *River*, Dale Mullen, Oxford, Miss. Interested in Southern writers.

ACCORDING TO—

(Editor's Note: *THE QUILL* welcomes letters of comment concerning its articles, also on pertinent journalistic topics, problems, policies, etc. Keep the letters short and to the point. All letters, of course, must bear the writer's signature.)

"Let me say, however belatedly, that I have enjoyed and profited from each copy of *THE QUILL* that I have received. I shall continue to depend upon *THE QUILL* for news of newspaperdom."—J. C. WATKINS, publicity director, Port Arthur, Texas, Chamber of Commerce.

★

"I am enjoying every issue of *THE QUILL* and pleased with its progressive improvement."—MORRILL F. FOLSOM, 402½ North Tower Ave., Centrilia, Wash.

"Congratulations on keeping up the fine quality of *THE QUILL*. I wish it could become more of a forum for newspapermen."—GEORGE F. MARKHAM, 25 Wendell St., Cambridge, Mass.

Prof. Casey Names Another All-American Weekly "11"

Here is the 1936-37 All-American weekly newspaper eleven as named by Prof. John H. Casey, of the University of Oklahoma:

Coach: Herman Roe, Northfield (Minn.) *News*.

Publisher at fullback: Thomas Irving Brown, Red Bank (N. J.) *Register*.

Business Manager at right half: Otis Brumby, Marietta (Ga.) *Times*.

Editor-in-chief at left half: Howard Palmer, Greenwich (Conn.) *Press*.

News Editor at quarterback: E. T. Broderick, Willoughby (O.) *Lake County News-Herald*.

Circulation Manager at center: H. U. Bailey, Princeton (Ill.) *Bureau County Republican*.

Sports Editor at right end: Neil Murray, El Monte (Calif.) *Herald*.

Want Ad Manager at left end: W. H. Conrad, Medford (Wis.) *Taylor County Star-News*.

Community Service and Correspondence Editor at right tackle: C. L. Ryder, Cobleskill (N. Y.) *Times*.

Political Commentator and Captain of the team: James C. Nance, Purcell (Okla.) *Register*.

Farm News Editor at right guard: W. S. Harris, Vernon (British Columbia) *News*.

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Side Glances

[Concluded from page 9]

"I find," says Clark, "that I usually draw people that I like fairly well, or at least do not dislike. Although they may be shown doing or saying something very ridiculous the people are generally the type that would get the reader's sympathy rather than ridicule. I don't really attempt this—it seems to come about naturally."

George Clark likes his job. He'll tell you that he's glad he must work for a living—"it makes me do the only thing for which I have any natural ability." If he had time, he explains, he would paint a great deal, "but probably not very well."

BUT this star artist hasn't much time of his own. It's a big job depicting America. He must get around. So he travels. And he knows first-hand the problems of the automobile worker on a Detroit assembly line and he can tell you what kind of a Union club they have on Philadelphia's Broad street. He knows the quality of the hot dogs in Mangum and the champagne in Manhattan. He knows Ike Fricciaci and Jim Farley equally well and very probably he's sketched them both.

Thus George Clark has climbed the ladder in the last nine years with "Side Glances," and that lady on the rural party line and her city sister read the same cartoon the same day and both exclaim, "Why, that's our little Tommy to a T."

Shooting Stories

[Concluded from page 14]

the tree, I entered the blind, and he returned to the ground and walked away making as much noise as possible. The ruse worked perfectly, for in less than four hours the old birds made nine trips to the nest with food for the young. Most of the pictures I made that day were movies. I came back a week later with intentions of making still pictures. I climbed the tree to my blind, looked over into the nest and was filled with rage at the sight that met my eyes. Great scavenger beetles were boring their way through the dead bodies of the three young hawks that had been so much alive the week before. Fresh shot marks scarred the bark around the nest. Some hunter had found the nest and killed the young, robbing not only the agriculturist of a valuable mouser, but me of some valuable pictures. I have found another nest of the same hawk this year and am looking forward to better luck.

For persons who are interesting in hunting in and out of season let me recommend the camera. I have found it not only a highly interesting hobby but a paying one as well. Good nature pictures are always in demand. My best advice if you are thinking about going into the business is to give up your gun, make your pictures in story telling series and DON'T NATURE FAKE. Picture editors might be fooled, but you can't fool the whole public.

**Chicago S D X Have
Spring Meeting**

The Chicago alumni chapter of Sigma Delta Chi observed Founders' Day with a banquet at the Hotel Sherman Friday evening, May 21. Featured speakers were RALPH L. PETERS, rotogravure editor of the Detroit News and editor of THE QUILL, magazine of Sigma Delta Chi, who spoke on "Revolution in Roto," and HERB MORRISON, announcer for radio station WLS, Chicago, who told a dramatic story of how he "covered" the Hindenburg disaster. His eye-witness account of the burning of the giant Zeppelin was one of the great reporting feats of the year and the record which was made of it was later broadcast over both NBC and CBS.

Highlight of the entertainment program, which was arranged by William Forest Crouch, editor of the Motion Picture Herald and the Motion Picture Daily, included a "group interview" by members of the chapter with Heloise Martin, Drake university "shower-bath co-ed."

After the banquet an initiation ceremony was held for eight pledges to the Northwestern chapter of the fraternity and JULIAN BENTLEY, news broadcaster for radio station WLS, who was taken into the fraternity as an associate member.

The annual election of officers resulted in the selection of the following: GEORGE SIMONS, General Electric X-ray corporation, president; PAUL NELSON, editor of the Scholastic Editor, vice-president; JOHN A. CANNING, public relations department, Standard Oil Company of Indiana and radio editor of the Farm Journal, secretary; EDWARD S. MCKAY, General Electric promotion department, treasurer; directors; GEORGE BRANDENBURG, Chicago representative of Editor and Publisher; PHIL S. HANNA, editor of the Chicago Journal of Commerce; HAL BURNETT, publicity department, radio station WBBM; ROBERT C. PEWORTH, managing editor, Trailer Travel News; HAL RAINVILLE, publicity; GEORGE W. HARRIS, national safety council; CONGER REYNOLDS, public relations director, Standard Oil Company of Indiana; FLOYD ARPAN, Medill school of journalism, Northwestern University; JOSEPH W. HICKS, director of public relations, Public Utility Engineering and Service corporation; ALBERT W. BATES, public relations, Swift & Co.; and ELMO SCOTT WATSON, editor, The Publishers' Auxiliary.

ALEXANDER G. BROWN (Oregon '18) is deputy city attorney of Portland, Oregon.

AFTER deciding that "it was better to give the public something they could read on the subway instead of fumbling with various sections," the New York *World-Telegram* has dropped the Saturday tabloid-size magazine and has changed back to the regular weekly format. . . . DANIEL D. MICH, managing editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal* since 1933, has resigned to become associate editor of *Look*. . . . After 10 years of editing, ELMER T. PETERSON has resigned from *Better Homes and Gardens*. . . . A doctor of laws honorary degree at the Hamilton College commencement is to be conferred upon U. S. Senator CARTER GLASS, publisher, Lynchburg (Va.) *News* and *Advance*. . . . Material for a book on the contemporary South, to be published by the Macmillan Company, is being gathered by JONATHAN DANIELS, editor, Raleigh (N. C.) *News & Observer*, now on an extended tour of the Southern States. . . . A golden anniversary was reached by JOHN ARTHUR KAUTZ, publisher, Kokomo (Ind.) *Tribune*, when he recently completed his 50th year as owner and publisher of that newspaper. . . . A. E. VOORHIES, publisher, Grants Pass (Ore.) *Daily-Courier* and Mrs. Voorhies will spend five weeks touring the Continent following the International Rotary convention in Nice. . . . "The Responsibility of a Modern Newspaper" was the subject chosen by MRS. OVETA CULP HOBBY, associate editor, Houston Post, in a recent address before the Texas Women's Press Association. . . . LITTLETON UPSHUR, publisher, Greenwood (Miss.) Commonwealth, has been chosen as the city's "Man of the Month" by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. . . . The 53rd wedding anniversary of M. L. COOK, co-publisher, Hastings (Mich.) *Banner*, and Mrs. Cook was recently celebrated with a family dinner. . . . The newly elected president of the New York Newspaper Women's Club is MIRIAM LUNDY of the New York *Daily News*, succeeding MARJORIE MEARS of the New York *Sun*. . . . Another bouquet to MARJORIE MILLS, Boston *Herald-Traveller* woman's page editor, able hostess to the 200 wives of the members of the Massachusetts Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers' Association at a party sponsored by the *Herald-Traveller*. . . . Arrangements for the 10th anniversary dinner of the Boys' Club of Detroit, are being made by EDGAR A. GUEST, Detroit *Free Press* poet, who is chairman of a special committee. . . . Far East notes—GEOFFREY IMESON of Reuter's Agency has been shifted from

Had You Heard—

By DONALD D. HOOVER

Shanghai to Peiping for a six months' period to substitute for FRANK OLIVER who is on home leave in Europe. . . . Reassigned to Shanghai after several years in Europe, REGINALD SWEETLAND of the Chicago *Daily News* accompanied by Mrs. Sweetland recently left for China. . . . LAWRENCE L. SCHNEIDER, formerly advertising director of British *Vogue*, has been named general manager of *Mademoiselle*. . . . Provided with entirely new equipment and complete facilities for experimental work, the McCall Kitchens and Test Rooms, occupying an entire floor, have been opened by *McCall's magazine*. . . . Statistics for those who like them—HARRY B. ALBRO, Harwich (Mass.) *Independent*, says that it is estimated that there are sixty million swine in the United States—not counting the road hogs. . . . HARRY H. S. PHILIPS, JR., has been appointed Philadelphia manager of the magazine, *Life*. . . . A new branch office in the Terminal Tower building in Cleveland has been opened by *Forbes*. . . . HUGH W. WINSLOW has joined the advertising staff of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., publisher of *Popular Photography* and *Popular Aviation*. . . . We expect highways around Atlanta, Mich., to be jammed when the news gets around that FRANK M. WEBER, publisher of the Atlanta *Tribune*, has found some fine fishing in his vicinity and brings in the proof at least once or twice a week. . . . Resigning from the advertising staff of the *Woman's Home Companion* after nine years, JAMES V. SPADEA, is launching a new women's publication called *You*, which will deal exclusively with beauty—hurry girls and get your copy! . . . Rice and Old Shoes for ALBERT P. PARK, circulation manager, Raleigh (N. C.) *Times* and Margaret Elmore McDonald, of Raleigh; EDGAR A. GUEST, JR., radio editor, Detroit *Free Press* and Betty Maynard of Detroit; HELEN CLANTON, women's page editor, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and Dr. Kelvin C. Morrin of St. Louis; WALTER ANSEL STRONG, JR., of the Chicago *Daily News* and Adeline Carpenter Salmon of Beloit, Wis.; HAROLD W. JOHNSON, city editor, Berkeley (Cal.) *Daily Gazette* and Rosalie Winslow of Berkeley—this line-up would indicate that the marriage license bureaus will have to increase their working forces. . . . More statistics—P. H. VANNIER, pub-

lisher, Bluffs (Ill.) *Times*, has been a bit unlucky with his "specs"—he accidentally broke the left glass recently and just after they were returned repaired he dropped them and broke them into 1,896,444 pieces, more or less. . . . MALCOLM PATTERSON has been appointed news editor of the *Kentucky Kernel*, publication of the University of Kentucky. . . . The first co-ed ever to be chosen editor of Northwestern U.'s student newspaper, the *Daily Northwestern*, is CONSTANCE MCCLURE, 20 years old, who is claimed by Elyria, Ohio. . . . The first automobile advertisement to appear, was placed in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1900. . . . The grand old man of journalism, EDGAR WATSON HOWE of Atchison, Kansas, recently celebrated his 84th birthday at his winter home in Florida. . . . The Ithaca (Mich.) *Herald*, under the guidance of McCall and McCall, has been devoting considerable space to the oil industry, due to the quantities of "black gold" being pumped in Ithaca county these days. . . . An interesting "col'm" is being conducted by MRS. O. A. NATIONS in her Greensburg (Kan.) *News*, under the caption, "Nations' Notions." . . . The Tombstone *Epitaph*, that lively sheet edited by WALTER H. COLE down in Arizona, has just embarked on its 58th year. . . . The Miller (Mo.) *News* and *Advance* has been dressed up with a new heading by its pilot, C. W. CRAWFORD. . . . Journalism students of the University of the Denver gained some practical experience recently by getting out the Englewood (Colo.) *Monitor*. . . . The oldest German-language newspaper in continuous publication in the United States, the *Detroiter Abendpost*, founded in 1851, has been purchased by ERNEST S. SAHLMANN. . . . Don't pass up the new Coffee Shop in Noble, Illinois, recently opened by MILDRED WRIGHT, editor of the *Sumner Press*, if you're down that way. . . . Attention Anglers—a "Liar's License," entitling the holder to sit in on all "bull sessions" where fishing is discussed, is being issued by the Hammond (La.) *Vindicator* to all who submit first-rate, printable lies to the editor, GEORGE CAMPBELL. . . . The fishing and boating season being in full sway, W. G. REQUE has added a new column, "Nautical Notes" to his Bayfield County (Wis.) *Press*. . . . ARTHUR C. JOHNSON, SR., editor and associate publisher, Columbus (O.) *Dispatch* and Mrs. Johnson sailed on the "Queen Mary" for a two-month visit in Europe, including a leisurely motor trip.

The Press and Public Affairs

[Continued from page 5]

Now I know there are some who will say that the President has absorbed the government into his own hands. But, if you eliminate him, you have everything that the government had in 1932. You have a fundamentally conservative Senate and House of Representatives, with conservative Democrats holding committee chairmanships instead of conservative Republicans. You have a Vice President, in line for the presidential succession, who is not strikingly different in social and economic outlook from Herbert Hoover. In brief, if President Roosevelt should disappear you would have precisely the kind of government which would result from his defeat by a conservative.

I am not so narrow in my conception of democracy as to believe that a freely chosen conservative government would be incapable of handling the country's affairs, but I can conceive of no more dangerous situation than to have a nationally dominant and highly emotional liberalism represented solely by the chief executive and a few of his aids, while all other branches of the government are secretly or openly hostile even to the broad objectives of the President, and are driven along with him only by the force of public opinion.

With a government so divided, the elimination of a liberal President would forcibly transfer the control of the government to elements out of sympathy with the majority of the people. It would instantaneously destroy the hopes of tens of millions of people. It would lead to a devastating war between capital and labor, with the courts returning to their old hostility to unionism, and vigilance committees ruling the smaller industrial cities. The United States would have all the stability of a powder keg in a cigarette factory.

Now suppose we go ahead without that explosion on the President's flagship. We go ahead, with piecemeal progress in legislation, with the whole burden of legislative construction thrown upon the White House, and the New Deal program whittled down and compromised and dragged out and rendered as abortive as possible, so that we come to 1940 with the same general situation prevailing.

Is there any safety to the United States in a condition which makes the carrying on of a legislative program depend on finding one man, every eight years, with enough executive

force and finesse to overawe an unwilling Congress?

THE government of the United States has never, in its entire history, faced so precarious a future as it does at the present moment, and the danger does not lie in the absorption of power by the executive, but in the failure of the legislative branch to measure up to the expectations of the people.

When the United States Government, in 1933, accepted the responsibility for public action to restore business activity and insure social security, it did not simply enter upon a period of emergency activity, to be discarded as soon as there were signs of an industrial boom. It moved from one era in national life to another. It accepted the fruits of the industrial revolution and the financial revolution—steel, steam and electricity in the field of industry, the creation of the corporation in the field of finance. We entered a new world in 1933, and entered it suddenly. Barriers which had held for 30 years or more were broken down. We had to catch up with Europe in the field of social security, and part company with Asia in the ruination of land. We had to, and we still have to, solve the paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty.

Transfer these problems of the realm of government, and what have you? An eager executive, ready to go forward on the basis of trial and error, and an unwilling legislature, desiring only to go back to 1929, with Democratic political patronage substituted on a larger scale for Republican patronage. Nowhere, except in the White House and in a few subordinate executive positions, is there the remotest knowledge that 1933 is a year from which political, social and economic history is to be marked before and after.

It is at this point, as a part of this phenomenon, that we must put down the tragedy of American journalism.

If the present occupant of the White House, thanks to personality and the radio, has emancipated himself from the veto power of the American press, that is not true of the lesser figures in our government—lesser men only in an individual sense, but collectively as important as the President, and in an ideal sense more important.

The collective weight of American newspapers lies like a mountain of woodpulp upon Congress and state legislatures. The President may rise

above them, but the newspapers of any state or any great city bulk large in the thoughts of a senator or congressman or governor. Editorial opinion occupies a larger place in the relations between a senator and his constituents than between a President and his constituents. The coercive force of a newspaper, directed against specific legislation, bears lightly upon the President, but heavily upon a local congressman.

The influence of the press not only is exerted powerfully against a legislative program, rendering its adoption more difficult, but it is thrown against the election of legislators in sympathy with that program, and the silence of the press exposes senators and congressmen to the savage attacks of a business lobby.

AGAIN let me say that I am not arguing for a liberal government against a conservative government, but for a harmonious outlook in the various divisions of government, and for harmony in accordance with the will of a majority in the nation.

The nature of that majority as it exists today has been recorded. It is a progressive majority, a majority of 10,000,000 votes for what we call the New Deal. This majority functions in the legislative branch of the government only through mass pressure invoked by the executive branch, assisted to some extent by political patronage which is at the disposal of the executive.

The almost solid alignment of metropolitan American newspapers against the Roosevelt administration is the entrenching force behind a disunity that may wreck our government at some not improbable period of added economic strain. Taken as a whole, the newspapers of America furnish no driving force for social reform. They are a positive handicap in economic reform. And they tend to freeze the legislative branch of government.

It is impossible to point to one important constructive step taken in the United States in the last eight years which represents either the inventiveness, the initiative or the supporting activity of the American press. For a few months in 1933, during the bank holiday and in the preliminary stages of the NRA, there was an emotional response to the initiative shown by President Roosevelt.

From the day the newspapers were invited, to put a curb on child labor in their own industry, from the day they were asked to limit the hours of their employes to forty per week and

[Concluded on page 20]

• THE BOOK BEAT •

The Sun Papers

THE SUN PAPERS OF BALTIMORE, 1837-1937, by Gerald W. Johnson, Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 430 pp. \$3.75.

This composite history of one of the pioneer newspapers sold for a penny, as was the New York *Sun* and Philadelphia *Public Ledger* in the rather raw decade of the 1830's, is the kind of journalistic history of a paper representing the personal journalism of a group and family of printers that should be read by all newspaper folk to familiarize themselves with the low and high aspects of news gathering and the printing of news and opinion in a century of dramatic beginnings, extraordinary development and climacteric conclusions.

While the book is heralded as the story of a paper which has "always leaned toward the Democratic party but has never been a party organ, having led revolts more than once in its career against the party leadership" in the tight and self-satisfied metropolis of Baltimore, as well as against leaders in the country at large, as, for example, in its present critical attitude towards the reign of Franklin D. Roosevelt and in its historic refusal to support him in the campaign of 1934, though it couldn't quite swallow Landon either, there are many curious examples as to what kind of policies and politics the Abell family stood for until their retirement in 1910 and what kind their successors in the last 25 years went in for.

All this is set out through the pens of four editors. Gerald W. Johnson covers the first 50 years of the paper, including the Civil War period; Frank R. Kent carries the narrative through the Eighties and Nineties; Henry L. Mencken treats of the Sun Papers from the incorporation of the business in the Nineties to the "reorganization and rejuvenation of the Sun Papers" in the 1920's and Hamilton Owens brings the somewhat chameleonic story up to date; all these contributions being under the general editorship of Mencken.

Except for the very obvious pro-Southern bias of Johnson, whose "story" for instance of the attack of the ugly "rebel" Baltimore mob on the Northern troops at the time of Lincoln's inauguration has already been challenged as bitterly partisan and most inaccurate, the narrative is factually impressive in all its details. As to policies and sincerities, Johnson

points out that the elder Abell preferred "to keep silence" (as a publisher playing safe all too evidently) when the Democratic city government of the Seventies "grew incredibly rotten and fell into the hands of political banditti as conscienceless as Ali Baba's Forty Thieves rather than help the sewer rats back into the places they had prostituted" and does not seem much moved by this since the "sewer rats" were Republicans, though within one page of his concluding paragraphs, Frank R. Kent is frankness itself in showing how the proprietors had to give up this policy of silence and become militant in favor of decent government by men whose cloak of party stood for something more than the lowest practices of ward politics.

Under Kent and Mencken and Owens how the Sun Papers, whose motto is "Light for All," with admitted vacillations stood on the side of "virtue, honor, justice and enlightenment," is set out brilliantly, while some antidote to the extreme Southern attitude of Johnson and the Sun papers themselves is given by the Washington correspondent, Francis Asbury Richardson's, acid comment on what the domination of the South meant when the party came back to power under Cleveland and Wilson, and in Kent's honesty of anti-sectional presentation; and, as one can imagine, in Mencken's clear, clean-cut satire not only as to what American "Booboiserie" means in politics and in civilization, but also what the Southern variety of the same thing was like in obscurantism and sectional hill-billy complacency.

The changes of a hundred years under the family management and corporations and various picturesque publishers and editors is developed with details reaching the sensational dramatics of the great fire of 1904, and how through all vicissitudes of opinions and policies, the Sun papers have held the affection and support not only of the Marylanders, but of a wider sphere of readers and admirers, is all made clear.

The fact, a quaint fact that the original Sun was referred to from the earliest as the "Sun paper," and never, as most newspapers are by its title alone, is an example of a picturesque provinciality that carries itself into this day of metropolitan journalism as a real challenge, accentuating the fact that after all the greatest compliment you can pay any newspaper is that it is a home paper and is so recognized by the thousands who subscribe for it

and eagerly receive it or take it into their homes every day in the morning and in the evening and swear by the paper and make it their Bible.—
HARVEY M. WATTS.

Delightful Essays

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE, by Willie Snow Ethridge. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. ix + 357 pp. \$2.50.

"As I Live and Breathe" is a collection of delightful essays revealing the zest, adventure, and joy with which a vivacious and intelligent young woman has combined the duties of being the wife of a newspaper man, mother of three children, successful writer, and participant in many activities.

"I have taken one year out of my life and put it, just as it passed, into this book," Mrs. Ethridge explains in a prefatory note. "There is neither suspense nor drama in it," she continues. "It is a simple, true account of days as I lived them with my husband and three small children in a city in Georgia. I hunted no lions, I dined with no dictators, and yet I lived joyously, vividly, and completely."

The particular year about which Mrs. Ethridge writes is several years past because, as she explains, "I had to spend six months in Germany during the Hitler revolution, ten months in Washington at the peak of the New Deal, and 16 months in Richmond during the re-waging of the Civil War, which is, of course, perpetual in Virginia, to realize that living in Georgia is more colorful and satisfying than in supposedly more glamorous places."

The author has used the real names of towns, streets, and people "for it seemed to me to make my writing more real and there was no good reason for disguising them."

Mrs. Ethridge was born in Savannah and reared in Macon. She is the wife of the well known Mark F. Ethridge, general manager of the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal* and *Times*.

Mrs. Ethridge has contributed to *Good Housekeeping*, *Review of Reviews*, *Outlook* and other magazines, and is a public speaker of rare charm.

Her publishers have described Mrs. Ethridge as "our own 'Provincial Lady.'" For those who have enjoyed the delightful works of E. M. Delafield (the author of "The Provincial Lady—" series), no better brief characterization of this charming Georgian and her excellent book could have been made.—JOHN E. DREWRY, director, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, The University of Georgia.

The Press and Public Affairs

[Concluded from page 18]

to pay reporters a minimum wage of \$25, from the day they were told that the law guaranteed newspaper employees the right to organize for collective bargaining, from that day the metropolitan newspapers of the United States have been substantially regimented against the New Deal, the agent of regimentation being the American Newspaper Publishers Association.

Incidentally, may I say at this point that it is a great pleasure to work for a newspaper whose publisher does not care what I say about the American Newspaper Publishers Association.

FOR four years the American Newspaper Publishers Association has been deluging its members with bulletins. First it attempted to regiment the editorial opinion of the country against the wage and hour and collective bargaining provisions of the NRA. Then it launched a collective campaign against ratification of the Child Labor amendment. Finally it turned its guns upon the National Labor Relations Act, not only furnishing arguments which editors might use to prove the unconstitutionality of that law, but advising publishers to refuse to obey it.

I do not know to what extent the ANPA has influenced editorial opinion, but I do believe that the attempt of metropolitan newspapers to protect their own system of child labor, euphemistically styled the "little merchant system," has been one of the principal causes of public distrust of the press. I believe that the open and obvious anti-labor bias of a great majority of our larger newspapers, and the smug assumption that readers cannot penetrate the veil of pretended impartiality, have been more potent than the presidential election in discredit-

ing metropolitan journalism among the masses of the American people.

To whatever extent the ANPA has succeeded in imposing the views of its conservative directorate upon member newspapers over the country, to that extent it has weakened the American press as a free institution, and to that extent it has reduced the confidence of the American people in the press of the country.

I object to this attempt at regimentation not because it is conservative, but because it weakens the basis of our American democracy. I would object to it just as strongly if it came from liberals. Any attempt at the centralized control of opinion is an attack on the freedom of the human mind.

The attempted regimentation of the press by the American Newspaper Publishers Association is most dangerous as a symptom, a symptom of that automatic regimentation which comes from a common view of economic interest, applied in the form of political pressure upon the local representatives of a national administration.

I would rather see the American government wholly conservative, by a vote of the people, than to see the hopes and aspiration of the people subjected to recurring disillusion. That disillusion we shall have if we go on, building up hope through presidential promises to the people, only to see them torn down through legislative compromise or administrative failure. The spoils system is placed above administrative efficiency. Why? Chiefly because there is no recognition in Congress, and no driving force in the American press compelling recognition that administrative efficiency must be put behind the present undertakings of the government if we are to escape national chaos.

We face the threat of ruinous inflation of prices and the collapse of government credit. Why? Because, through the will of the people, and the compelling force of the industrial revolution, we are permanently committed to costly social enterprises, but Congress does not recognize this fact, and the President does not dare propose taxation as a substitute for borrowing until the people are educated to it.

What does the press contribute to a solution of this problem? It raises a cry for retrenchment, which would be a valuable cry indeed if intelligently directed, but the cry becomes merely a querulous complaint when it forms a part of indiscriminate protest against the social and economic program of the New Deal. If inflation comes upon us to a disastrous extent, the fault will rest largely with the newspapers of America, which refuse to correlate social objectives with the costs of government, and watch like hungry vultures for the President to make a mistake which will let them pounce on him and destroy him and his program.

President Roosevelt, it has been pointed out, has an uncanny sense of timing. He knows when not to do a thing. Build the obstacles too high and this means that the time to do a thing is never. It means losing precious years, wasting efforts junking vast enterprises, and final failure. If failure comes, and disillusion and chaos with it, it will not be President Roosevelt's fault. It will be because there is no agency of public opinion consistently building with him, and working to fuse the three branches of government into an instrumentality for carrying out the will of the people.

Never in American history was there so great need to move from unified political thought into unified political organization and action. Against this necessary step, the American press, responsive to the narrowest interpretation of the economic interest of its owners, stands as the chief obstacle. I hope that it may not be written down in history as the stumbling block over which American democracy is to fall.

DR. CHARLES W. PUGSLEY, president of South Dakota State College, and HAROLD W. CARD, editor of the *Webster Reporter*, became associate members of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, in formal initiation services held in conjunction with Newspaper Day at South Dakota State in May. Dr. Pugsley was editor of the *Nebraska Farmer* from 1918 to 1922, helped form the Agricultural Writers Association in 1919 and was its first president.

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WHO · WHAT · WHERE

The Detroit Yacht Club has named CLIFF WARNER editor and publisher of its magazine, *The Main Sheet*, which will be issued hereafter as a unit of The Detroit Club Group. This includes two other Detroit club publications, *The Detroit Golfer* and *Boat Club News*, both of which have been published by Warner for several years. He is a Sigma Delta Chi from De Pauw, and was graduated in 1917 from Indiana University School of Journalism. During the war he was on the staff of *The Ambulance Service News*, Allentown, Pa., and later on *The Stars and Stripes*, in Paris. Since going to Detroit in 1920 he has engaged continuously in newspaper and advertising work. The Detroit Yacht Club was organized in 1894 and occupies a million dollar clubhouse on Belle Isle. Boats owned by its membership are valued at approximately \$10,000,000.

★

RUEL S. MOORE (Oregon '23), formerly with the *United Press* bureau at Manila, P. I., is now in the London bureau of the *UP*.

★

KENNETH T. DOWNS has been named manager of the Paris bureau of *International News Service*. He is believed to be one of the youngest newspapermen ever appointed to the management of a foreign bureau. His appointment comes a little less than three years after he first joined *INS* as a member of the New York staff. Despite his youth, Downs is a veteran in newspaper work and has had a varied and colorful career. Raised on a ranch in Montana, he was a capable cow-puncher. Then he decided to become a jockey, but too much weight spoiled his chances and he entered the University of Montana bent upon becoming a lawyer until, he says, "one day I attempted to analyze horse flesh in Billings and lost the bankroll for school." Downs began his newspaper career as city editor of the Lewistown (Mont.) *Democrat-News*, later going to the Wisconsin *News* in Milwaukee where he established himself a reputation by capturing a gangland murderer singlehanded and scooping his competitors on the confession. Other papers on which Downs has worked include the Champaign (Ill.) *News-Gazette*, the Newark *Star-Eagle* and the Newark *Ledger*. He joined *International News Service* in September, 1934. Besides Downs' promotion, announcement also was made recently of the transfer of WILLIAM CARTAN, Detroit bureau manager, to Chicago where he becomes assistant to FRED GOODFELLOW, Central Division News Manager. JACK VINCENT, formerly assistant, has been made manager of the Detroit bureau, succeeding Cartan. GEORGE GALLATTI has been named night news editor in the Chicago bureau. Additions to the news staff include HARLAN ALTHEN, formerly of the Milwaukee *Journal*, and ARTHUR McCULLOUGH, of New York, to the New York bureau;

Sigma Delta Chi Plans Third Research Award

The third annual research award of Sigma Delta Chi will be made at the fraternity's annual convention in November for the outstanding piece of research in journalism completed during the preceding year, according to Tully Nettleton of the *Christian Science Monitor's* Washington staff, national president of the fraternity.

The first two \$50 awards were given to Prof. O. W. Riegel, Director, School of Journalism, Washington & Lee University, for his book, "Mobilizing for Chaos," and to Prof. Ralph O. Nafzinger, Department of Journalism, University of Minnesota, for his manuscript study of "The American Press and Public Opinion During the World War, 1914 to April, 1917."

Studies eligible for consideration in this year's contest will be those completed in manuscript form or published in book or article form between Oct. 1, 1936, and Sept. 30, 1937. Any journalist, teacher, or student is eligible to enter his work in this contest. All those entering the competition must file a copy of their intention to do so by Oct. 1, 1937. One copy of the study must be in the hands of Nettleton no later than Oct. 5.

Nettleton states that studies submitted for consideration by the judges should represent the results of original investigation in some phase of journalistic activity. Because of the breadth of the field, no precise definition of its extent is offered for the purposes of the contest. The extent of the field will be determined by the judges in considering the relative eligibility of individual studies.

All inquiries regarding the award should be addressed to Tully Nettleton in care of the *Christian Science Monitor*, National Press Building, Washington, D. C.

KENNETH MACDONALD, of Buffalo, and WILLIAM A. MAY, formerly telegraph editor of the Owosso (Mich.) *Argus-Press*, to the Detroit bureau.

★

J. H. COBB, Jr. (Georgia '33) formerly of the Savannah (Ga.) *Morning News* and with the *Associated Press* in Florida, has become secretary to the Mayor of Savannah.

★

JOHN F. RYAN (Montana '27) has been in radio publicity since June, 1934. At present he works for Lum and Abner,

Bess (Lady Esther) Johnson, Richard (Studebaker Champions) Himber and about five other radio names. He also has been busy writing a few almanacs and doing some fact digging for *Fortune* magazine.

★

ESTES P. TAYLOR (Northwestern '29), editor and publisher of *Agricultural Leaders' Digest*, Chicago, has announced an increase in advertising for March, 1937, over March, 1936, of 30 per cent.

★

M. PHILLIP CHAPMAN (Ohio State '32) is telegraph editor of the Newark (N. J.) *Ledger*.

★

GEORGE FORTUNE, JR. (Purdue '32) is a designing engineer with Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, Ohio.

★

WILLIAM PETTIT (Pittsburgh '29) is co-author of "Manual on Pharmaceutical Jurisprudence" recently published. The book deals with the law relating to pharmacy and contains summaries of numerous legal decisions and comment on the law of drugs and druggists.

★

JOE K. RUKEBROD (Ohio State '29) has been promoted from Cleveland bureau manager of *International News Service* to assistant Ohio State manager of *INS* at Columbus, O. CARL L. TURNER (Ohio State Associate) is state manager.

★

WALTER TAYLOR (Ohio State '36) and PAT KIRWIN (Ohio State '36) are reporters on the Cincinnati *Post*.

★

JOHN SEMBOWER (Indiana '34) on March 1 became Director of Public Relations at Indiana State Teachers College, Terre Haute. Sembower will have a staff of assistants, and an alumni secretary who will work under his direction. Sembower formerly was undersecretary to U. S. Senator Sherman Minton of Indiana.

★

J. N. STONEBRAKER (Iowa State Associate) of J. N. Stonebraker's organization, Chicago, business analysts, has announced a new location at Orlando, Fla. Orlando was decided upon as the location in which he wished to personally concentrate activities after several surveys had been made.

**OFFICIAL JEWELER
TO
SIGMA DELTA CHI**

OFFICIAL BADGES FINE GIFTS
KEYS and CHARMS STATIONERY

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY
Attleboro, Massachusetts

Headlines Made to Order

ALL this recent furor about tax dodging has left us with the suspicion—yea, conviction—that the newspapers were simply used by the administration to help publicize a little sideshow all its own for the purposes of publicity—to divert attention from the Supreme Court headache and other matters not going altogether in the way in which Washington would have them.

This isn't the first time that Senate Committee meetings have been used to promote circuses for headline purposes—with prominent individuals being forced to appear in the unwilling rôle of stellar attractions. And it probably won't be the last. It's something like filing bills of complaint which make good newspaper stories and yet haven't much of a chance to stand up in court.

Did it occur to you that the names of those handed over for public castigation had been hand-picked? That their political leanings or convictions—their stands on various public problems—might have had something to do with their being listed among the tax dodgers?

If any or all of these so-called tax-dodgers had violated any law, illegally avoided paying their income and other taxes, they could very quickly be made to pay up and it wouldn't take a committee meeting and a lot of headlines to accomplish the collection. If there were loopholes through which they slipped—who was responsible for those loopholes being there? Why wasn't something done to plug them without a fanfare of publicity?

Probably, we gather, because that wouldn't make big enough headlines. We don't like to see the press played for a sucker—and it should be observed here that a number of papers didn't fall for the tax-dodging blast—at least to pillory those against whom no formal complaints ever have been lodged.

Postlude

WHEN the late Frederic E. Ives laid down his work it occurred to us that his passing did not receive proper notice—his contributions to journalism and the graphic arts were not given the attention they should have received. From Dr. Harvey M. Watts, of Temple University, comes the following comment:

"One of the most curious paradoxes in newspaper methods was the unexpected and complete failure of the newspapers to give any adequate idea of what kind of a revolution, second only to that of Gutenberg's, was brought about by the invention of the half-tone, color photography and numerous inventions of enormous importance to the graphic arts, by the late Yankee inventor, Frederic E. Ives.

"A son of Connecticut, brought up in the miserable surroundings of a hard-scrabble farm, yet a scientist whose knowledge of optics even in his 'teens and his ability to realize later through mechanical inventions means of handling things seen in nature and permanently recording them, Ives had won universal recognition and a deserved fame beyond all question of controversy or issues as to priority.

AS WE VIEW IT

"Confronted with the daily, weekly and monthly spectacle, more than that, miracle, of illustrated journalism; with the newsstands blazing with color; with illustrations in color and black and white even in the advertising text achieving inspiring reproductions of works of art by old masters or current works by new creators of compelling pictorial effects; with photo magazines selling

like hot-cakes, even in a movie-trained generation; knowing news largely through its picturization; one would have supposed that biographies of Ives, dead in his 82nd year, and the editorial comment would have been picturesque, penetrating, even impassioned.

"As a matter of fact, without exception, they were—and the greatest newspaper in the English-speaking world was as drab as the others—colorless, without feeling, ignorant and inaccurate and in no wise presenting to their readers the profound significance of what had happened in the last 60 years of this great inventor's life and what all this meant to the art of printing, supposedly a basic factor in the journalistic output.

"Perhaps this footnote of correction is not needed, for, after all, the shortest appreciation and the briefest summing up of Ives is to quote the legend from the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, London: '*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*'

"All one has to do to realize what a monument Ives erected for himself is to look at every newsstand."

THIS recalls an interesting article *THE QUILL* printed several years ago on obits—pointing out how instead of being drab, colorless, Who's Who sort of summaries, obits could be made intensely human articles—full of inspiration, the battle of man against odds, records of achievement in every field.

Let's try to give credit where credit is due, to pay tribute to those whose contributions to the advancement of mankind have been outstanding. And, why not more editorial flowers for the living, while the recipient can appreciate them?

Reader Reaction

ONE of these days, we hope, an enlightened and more articulate reading public is going to take the time and effort to inform the editors of its newspaper what is liked and not liked in its pages—whether this or that editorial stand or treatment of a news subject is approved.

Not that a paper should be ruled or swayed entirely by the letters it receives. But, we feel, it would make for better relations between paper and reading public, for greater confidence and greater service, if the readers told the editors what they liked or didn't like—and why.

The development of a Public Letter Box page or department, operated under simple rules as to length and with an editorial man in charge who appreciates its value to the paper, is one of the least expensive and at the same time most popular features a paper can develop.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

"ONE night," Wells narrates, "I awoke with an agonizing toothache and paced the compound until daylight, trying desperately to assuage the pain." No medical attention was available and by noon of the following day, he adds, he was at the point where he would have killed himself if he had had a weapon, in order to escape the maddening pain.

Then it was that his friend, the Czech, took him to a distant corner of the compound, and, after cautious glances all around, displayed a pair of combination wire snippers and pliers. He indicated that he would try to pull the tooth. Wells stretched himself on the ground and the amateur dentist straddled his body. The pliers, it appeared, were too wide and closed over two teeth instead of one.

Making the situation known, the Czech waited for instructions. Wells gestured to "go ahead"—to take all of them if necessary. After a lot of twisting, turning, grunting, he held up the pliers with two teeth.

Several nights later the Czech disappeared. He simply wasn't around when Wells awoke. Had he used the pliers and wire cutters to escape? Had the pliers been discovered and the Czech shot? Inquiries in Wells' few words of halting Russian were fruitless, so he had to just keep on wondering about the fate of his friend.

Then the Reds released Wells through the intervention of friends in Vladivostok.

SEVEN years passed. Wells was in London attending a luncheon. Across the table was a man who seemed vaguely familiar but Wells was unable to decide where and when he had seen him. Oddly enough, the chap across the table seemed to have recognized Wells, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he glanced at the American. Near the close of the luncheon, the man arose and asked the presiding officer if he might say a word. Given assent, he said:

"We have with us today a guest who has rather an interesting story to tell and I think, before leaving, we should hear it. I refer to the gentleman sitting across the table." A smile played around his mouth as he continued: "I should like to ask our guest a very personal question. Have you," he asked Wells, "ever had two teeth removed from the upper side of your mouth?"

Wells, amazed, replied that he had.

"I should like to ask our guest," the speaker continued, "if he remembers

the circumstances under which those two teeth were removed?"

"I'll never forget them," fervently replied Wells.

Whereupon the speaker, in perfect, cultured Oxford English proceeded to tell the story of the concentration camp, of the amusing efforts of an American newspaperman to teach a Czech soldier English and of the Czech trying to teach his fellow prisoner Czech.

From that he went on to describe the scene of the amateur dental operation. Concluding, he bowed to Wells slightly and said:

"At your service—the Czech soldier!"

Turning to a friend seated next to him, Wells demanded:

"For Heaven's sake, Hal, who is he?"

"He," replied Hal, "is Sir John Allison, the greatest British spy the war developed!"

That's just a sample of the stories in store for you in "Blood on the Moon"—and if Mr. Wells and Houghton Mifflin don't get after this department for taking too many liberties with a copyrighted book, we'll be back next month or so with another one.

Puts the Right Man in the Right Place

*"For the lack of a nail
A kingdom was lost!"*

You remember the old story of the chain of circumstances which led to the downfall of a king. Something about a nail being left out when a horse was shod, wasn't it?

Well, horses aren't quite that important these days and as yet we have had no calls requesting us to supply a king, but every week there are many fine opportunities coming to The Personnel Bureau. These positions must be filled by capable men who are seeking to improve themselves.

Do we have your application to consider when the job you are equipped to handle is open?

Why let your biography read:

*"For the lack of an application
A good position was lost!"*

Write today for a registration form!

THE PERSONNEL BUREAU of Sigma Delta Chi

35 East Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois

2387 Teviot Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

Puts the Right Man in the Right Place

Get the Point?

The many important happenings in the business world today make it necessary for every thinking newspaper man to keep abreast of the activity in every branch of the publishing and advertising business. We know that you do not have time to read all the business publications that come to your desk but we do urge you to read *Editor & Publisher* because *Editor & Publisher* is strictly your publication. It is in tune with the times, it gives you brief accurate news and information that is of interest to you whether you are Publisher, Editor, Business Manager, Advertising Manager, Circulation Manager or hold some other position of importance. ¶ If you are one of the few newspapermen not subscribing to *Editor & Publisher* we urge you to subscribe now. Send four dollars for a year's subscription to:

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